The Breakfast Cook

catapults from low
apartments at 4AM.

They tick away darkly even
as the Harley's roar subsides.

What does he think, bent o-
ver the headlight? That he

despises the manager,
a self-proclaimed wit?

One day he arrives,
not, save at a thick

tree, and the hated being
shapes his ingenuity to flip

the popping eggs and steaming
pancakes on the grill. Next day
the agency sends an equal.